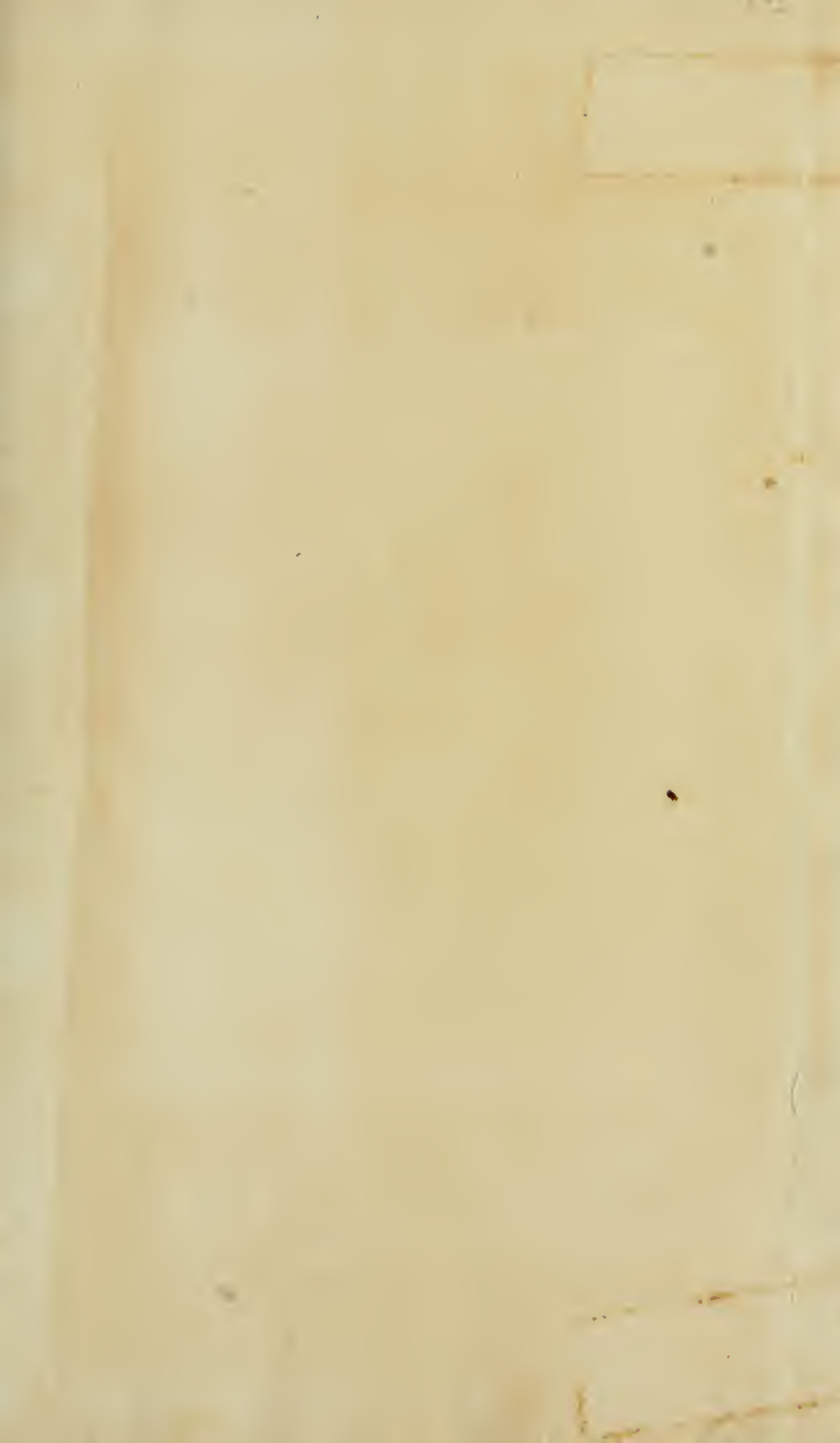


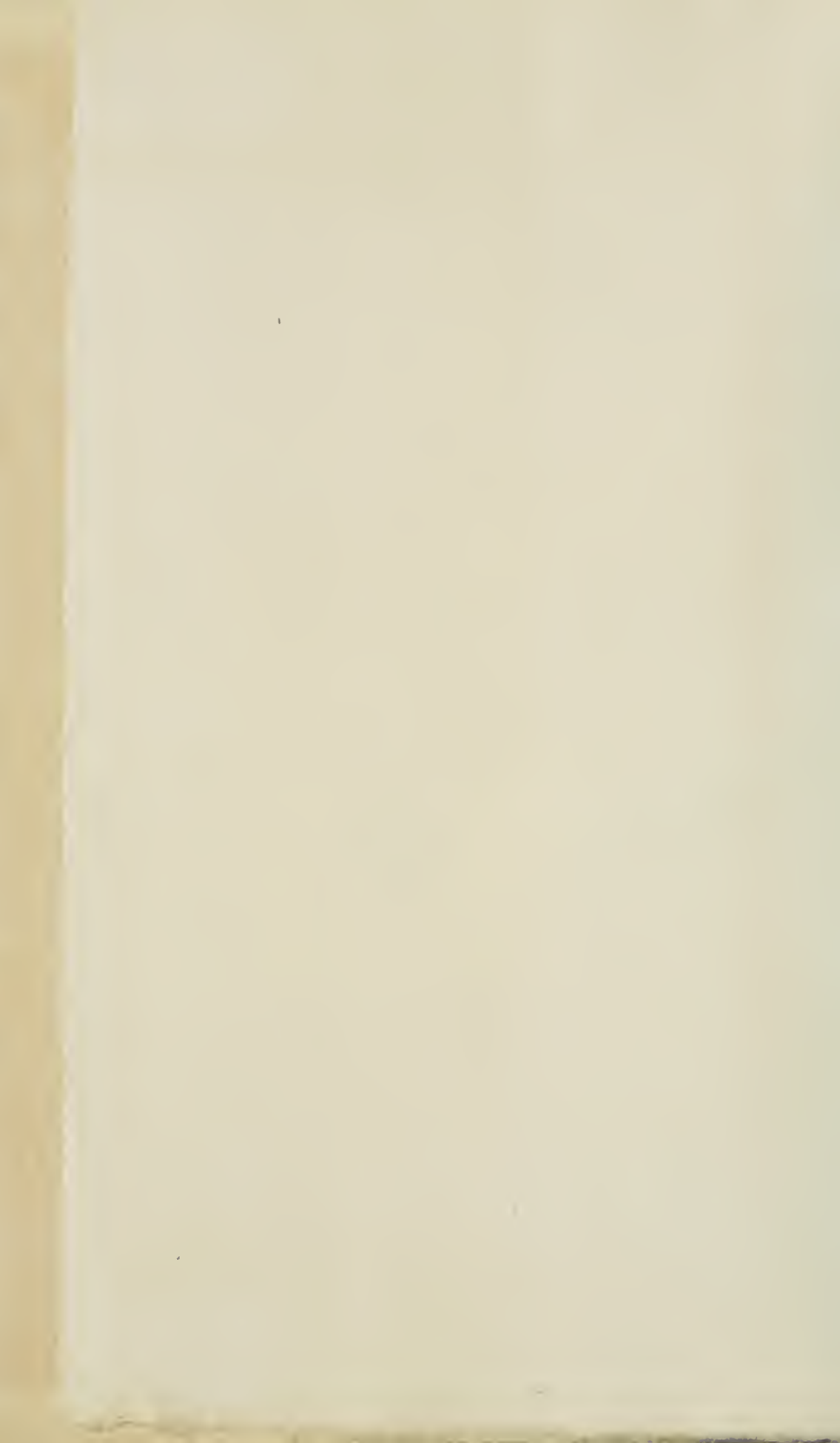


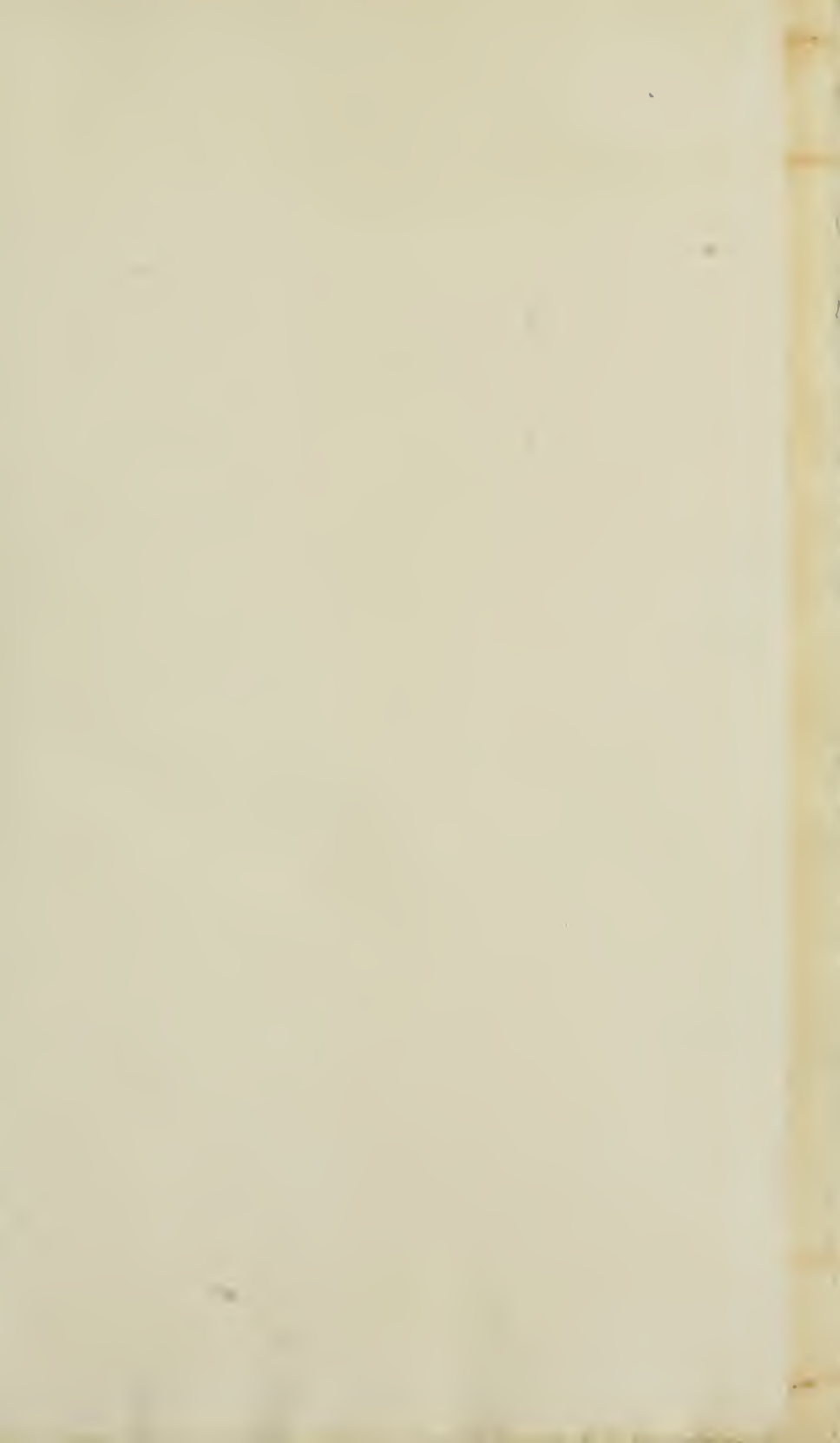
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 FIFTY SONGS BY
THOMAS CAMPION

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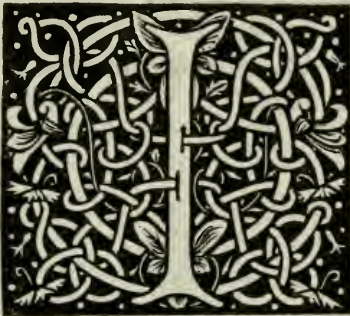
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TO C.R.



↪ FIFTY SONGS ↪
BY
THOMAS
CAMPION.
↪



CARE
NOT
FOR
THESE
LADIES,
THAT
MUST
BE
WOODE

AND PRAIDE;
GIVE ME KIND
AMARILLIS,
THE WANTON
COUNTRY MAIDE.
NATURE ART DISDAINeth,
HER BEAUTIE IS HER
OWNE.

Her when we court and kisse,
She cries: Forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say: No!

If I love Amarillis,
She gives me fruit and flowers;
But if we love these Ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love;
Give me the nutbrowne lasse,
Who, when we court and kisse,
She cries: Forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say: No!

These Ladies must have pillowes,
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a Bower of willowes,
Of mosse and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis,
With milke and honie fed;
Who, when we court and kisse,
She cries: Forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say: No!



Y sweetest Lesbia, let us live and
love;

And, though the sager sort our
deedes reprove,

Let us not way them; heav'n's

great lampes do dive

Into their west, and strait againe revive:

But soone as once set is our little light,

Then must we sleepe one ever during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like mee,

Then bloudie swords and armour should not be;

No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should
move,

Unles alarme came from the campe of Love:

But fooles do live and wast their little light,

And seeke with paine their ever during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,

Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;

But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come

And with sweet pastimes grace my happie
tombe:

And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,

And crowne with love my ever during night.



Y love hath vow'd hee will for-
sake mee,
And I am alreadie sped;
Far other promise he did make
me

When he had my maidenhead.
If such danger be in playing,
And sport must to earnest turne,
I will go no more a-maying.

Had I forseene what is ensued,
And what now with paine I prove,
Unhappie then I had eschewed
This unkind event of love;
Maides foreknow their owne undooing,
But feare naught till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch, to gaine thy pleasure,
What didst thou not vow and swear?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure
Which so long I held so deare.
Now thou prov'st to me a stranger;
Such is the vile guise of men
When a woman is in danger.

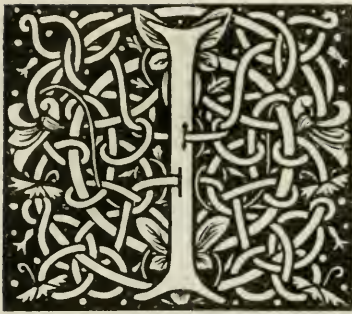
That hart is neerest to misfortune
That will trust a fained toong;
When flatt'ring men our loves importune
They entend us deepest wrong.
If this shame of Love's betraying
But this once I cleanly shun,
I will go no more a-maying.



URNE backe, you wan-
ton flyer,
And answere my desire
With mutuall greeting;
Yet bende a little neerer,
True beauty still shines
cleerer
In closer meeting.

Harts, with harts delighted,
Should strive to be united;
Either other's armes with armes enchayning;
Harts with a thought,
Rosie lips with a kisse still entertaining.

What harvest halfe so sweete is
As still to reape the kisses
Growne ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There's no strickt observing
Of times' or seasons' changing;
There is ever one fresh spring abiding.
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reape, Love's gains deviding.



T fell on a sommer's day,
While sweete Bessie
 sleeping laie,
In her bowre, on her bed,
Light with curtaines sha-
 dowed,
Jamy came; shee him
 spies

Opening halfe her heavie eies.

Jamy stole in through the dore.
She lay slumbring as before;
Softly to her he drew neere,
She heard him, yet would not heare;
Bessie vow'd not to speake,
He resolv'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kisse he doth take,
She lay still and would not wake;
Then his hands learn'd to woo,
She dreamt not what he would doo,
But still slept, while he smil'd
To see Love by sleepe beguil'd.

Jamy then began to play,
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight
Deceiv'd in her owne deceit;
And since this traunce begoon,
She sleepes ev'rie after noone.



HOU art not faire, for all thy red
& white,

For all those rosie ornaments in
thee;

Thou art not sweet, though made
of meer delight,

Not faire nor sweet unlesse thou pitie mee.

I will not sooth thy fancies; thou shalt prove

That beauty is no beauty without Love.

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure

My thoughts with beautie, were it more devine;

Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,

I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine;

Now shew it, if thou be a woman right:

Embrace and kisse and love me, in despight!



LAME not my cheeks, though pale
with Love they be;
The kindly heate unto my heart is
flowne,
To cherish it, that is dismaid

by thee,

Who art so cruell and unsteadfast growne;
For Nature, call'd for by distressed harts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward partes.

But they whose cheekes with careles blood are
stain'd

Nurse not one sparke of love within their harts;
And, when they wooe, they speake with passion
fain'd,

For their fat Love lyes in their outward parts;
But, in their brests, where Love his court should
hold,

Poore Cupid sits and blowes his nailes for cold.



ISTRIS, since you so much
desire
To know the place of Cupid's
fire.
In your faire shrine that flame

doth rest,

Yet never harbour'd in your brest.
It bides not in your lips so sweete,
Nor where the rose and lillies meete;
But a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire!

Even in those starrie, pearcing eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lyes.
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy;
Nor woe I for a smile or kisse;
So meanely triumphs not my blisse;
But a little higher, but a little higher,
I climbe to crowne my chast desire.



HEN thou must home to shades
of under ground,
And there arriv'd, a newe ad-
mired guest,
The beauteous spirits do ingirt
thee round,
White Iope, blith Hellen, and the rest,
To heare the stories of thy finisht love
From that smoothe toong whose musicke Hell
can move.

Then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,
Of masks and revels which sweete youth did
make,
Of Turnies, and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphes for thy beauty's sake;
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murther mee!



ND would you see my
Mistris' face?
It is a flowrie garden place,
Where knots of beauties
have such grace
That all is worke and no
where space.

It is a sweete delicious morne,
Where day is breeding, never borne;
It is a Meadow yet unshorne
Whome thousand flowers do adorne.

It is the heavens' bright reflexe,
Weake eies to dazle and to vexe;
It is th' idea of her sexe,
Envie of whome doth world perplexe.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
Pleasing though it killes the whiles;
Where death and love in pretie wiles
Each other mutuallie beguiles.

It is faire beauty's freshest youth,
It is the fain'd Elizium's truth;
The Spring, that winter'd harts renu'th;
And this is that my soule pursu'th.



HALL I come, if I swim?
wide are the waves,
you see;
Shall I come, if I flie, my
deare love, to thee?
Streames Venus will ap-
pease; Cupid give me
winges;

All the powers assist my desire
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire!

You are faire; so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt;
She a priest, yet the heate of Love truly felt.
A greater streame than this did her Love deuide;
But she was his guide with a light;
So through the streames Leander did enjoy her
sight.



HAT then is Love but mourn-
ing?

What desire, but a selfe-burn-
ing?

Till shee that hates, doth Love

returne,

Thus will I mourne, thus will I sing:
Come away! come away, my darling!

Beautie is but a blooming
Youth in his glorie entombing;
Time hath a while which none can stay;
Then come away, while thus I sing:
Come away! come away, my darling!

Sommer in winter fadeth;
Gloomie night heav'nly light shadeth;
Like to the morne are Venus' flowers;
Such are her howers; then will I sing:
Come away! come away, my darling!



HETHER men doe
laugh or weepe,
Whether they doe
wake or sleepe,
Whether they die
yoong or olde,
Whether they feele
heate or colde,
There is underneath

the sunne
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst and none are best;
Griefe and joy and hope and feare
Play their Pageants everywhere;
Vaine opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in cloudes doe sit
Mocking our poore apish wit,
That so lamely with such state
Their high glorie imitate;
No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happie men disdaine.



ACKE and Jone they thinke no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Doe their weeke day's worke, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day;
Skip and trip it on the greene,
And help to chuse the Summer-Queene;
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a Winter tale;
Climbe up to the apple loft,
And turne the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy,
All their pleasure is content;
And care to pay their yearely rent.

Jone can call by name her cowes,
And decke her windowes with greene boughs;
Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trimme with plums a bridall cake.
Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse,
And his long flaile can stoutly tosse,
Make the hedge which others breake;
And ever thinkes what he doth speake.

Now, you Courtly Dames and Knights
That study onely strange delights,
Though you scorne the home-spun gray
And revell in your rich array,
Though your tongues dissemble deepe
And can your heads from danger keepe,
Yet, for all your pompe and traine,
Securer lives the silly swaine.



ARDEN now thy tyred hart
with more then flinty rage;
Ne'er let her false teares hence-
forth thy constant grieve
asswage;

Once true happy dayes thou saw'st when shee
stood firme and kinde;
Both as one then liv'd and held one eare, one
tongue, one minde.
But now those bright houres be fled, and never
may returne;
What then remains but her untruths to mourne?

Silly Traytesse, who shall now thy carelesse
tresses place?
Who thy pretty talke supply, whose eare thy
musicke grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what lips
triumph with thine?
Day by day who'll visit thee, and say: Th'art
onely mine?
Such a time there was, God wot; but such shall
never be;
Too oft, I feare, thou wilt remember me.



HAT harvest halfe so
sweet is
As still to reape the
kisses
Growth ripe in sow-
ing!
And straight to be
receiver
Of that which thou art

giver,

Rich in bestowing!
Kisse then, my Harvest Queene,
Full garners heaping!
Kisses, ripest when th'are greene,
Want onely reaping.

The Dove alone expresses
Her fervencie in kisses,
Of all most loving;
A creature as offencelesse
As those things that are sencelesse
And void of moving.
Let us so love and kisse,
Though all envie us,
That which kinde and harmlesse is
None can denie us.



WEET, exclude mee not, nor be
divided

From him that ere long must bed
thee;

All thy maiden doubts Law hath
decided;

Sure wee are, and I must wed thee.

Presume then yet a little more;

Here's the way, barre not the dore.

Tenants, to fulfill their Land-lord's pleasure,

Pay their rent before the quarter;

'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure;

Put mee not then off with laughter.

Consider then a little more;

Here's the way to all my store.

Why were dores in love's despight devised?

Are not laws enough restrayning?

Women are most apt to be surprised

Sleeping, or sleepe wisely fayning.

Then grace me yet a little more;

Here's the way, barre not the dore.



delight.

HERE is none, O none but you,
That from mee estrange your
sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view
Or chained eares heare with

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces finde;
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kinde.

Women in fraile beauty trust,
Onely seeme you faire to mee;
Yet prove truly kinde and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford mee then your sight,
That, survaying all your lookes,
Endlesse volumes I may write,
And fill the world with envyed bookes;

Which when after ages view,
All shall wonder and despaire:
Woman to find man so true,
Or man a woman halfe so fair.



COME away, arm'd with love's
delights!

Thy sprightful graces bring with
thee!

When love and longing fights,

They must the sticklers be.

Come quickly, come! the promis'd houre is
well-nye spent,

And pleasure's being too much deferr'd loseth
her best content.

Is shee come? O, how neare is shee?

How farre yet from this friendly place?

How many steps from me?

When shall I her imbrace?

These armes I'll spred, which onely at her sight
shall close,

Attending as the starry flowre that the Sun's
noone-tide knowes.



COME, you pretty, false-ey'd
wanton,
Leave your crafty smiling!
Thinke you to escape me now
With slipp'ry words beguiling?

No; you mockt me th'other day;
When you got loose you fled away;
But, since I have caught you now,
I'll clip your wings for flying;
Smothering kisses fast I'll heape
And keepe you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the starres,
And number hayle downe pouring,
Tell the osiers of the Temmes,
Or Goodwin Sands devouring,
Then the thicke-showr'd kisses here
Which now thy tyred lips must beare.
Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure,
But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,
So trustlesse is love's treasure.

Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lyes sleeping!
Would this place some Desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping!
My desires should then be safe;
And when you cry'd then would I laugh;
But if ought might breed offence,
Love onely should be blamed;
I would live your servant still,
And you my Saint unnamed.



SECRET love or two I
must confesse
I kindly welcome for
change in close play-
ing,
Yet my deare husband I
love ne'er thelesse;
His desires, whole or

halfe, quickly allaying,
At all times ready to offer redresse;
His owne he never wants, but hath it duely,
Yet twits me I keepe not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawne the more it flowes,
No lampe lesse light retaines by lightning others;
Is hee a loser his losse that ne'r knowes?

Or is he wealthy that wast treasure smothers?
My churle vowes no man shall sent his sweet
Rose;

His owne enough and more I give him duely,
Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

Wise Archers beare more than one shaft to field,
The Venturer loads not with one ware his ship-
ping;

Should warriers learne but one weapon to wielde,
Or thrive faire plants e'er the worse for the slip-
ping?

One dish cloyes, many fresh appetite yeeld.
Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duely,
Judge then what debter can keepe touch more
truly.



OW let her change and spare not!
Since she proves strange I care not;
Fain'd love charm'd so my delight
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new joys imbracing
And my desires disgracing.

When did I erre in blindnesse,
Or vex her with unkindnesse?
If my cares serv'd her alone,
Why is shee thus untimely gone?
True love abides to t' houre of dying,
False love is ever flying.

False! then farewell for ever!
Once false proves faithfull never;
Hee that boasts now of thy love
Shall soone my present fortunes prove,
Were he as faire as bright Adonis,
Faith is not had where none is.



ERE my hart as some men's are,
thy errors would not move
me;
But thy faults I curious finde,
and speake because I love

thee;

Patience is a thing divine, and far, I grant, above
mee.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker
deedes objecting,
Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false
respect affecting.
Friendship is the glasse of Truth, our hidden
staines detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy and inward light of
reason,
Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season;
Hidden mischief to conceale in State and Love
is treason.

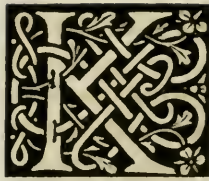


AYDES are simple, some men
say;
They, forsooth, will trust no men.
But should they men's wills obey,
Maides were very simple then.

Truth a rare flower now is growne,
Few men weare it in their hearts;
Lovers are more easily knowne
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
To a faithlesse wandring Jew
Then a young man's vowes beleeve
When he swears his love is true.

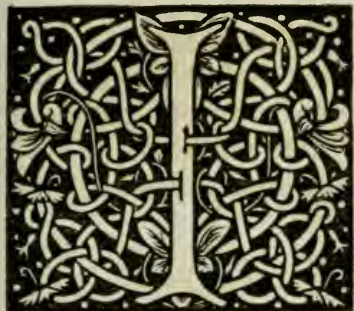
Love they make a poore blinde childe,
But let none trust such as hee;
Rather than to be beguil'd
Ever let me simple be.



INDE are her answeres,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own musicke when they
stray.

All her free favors & smooth words
Wing my hopes in vaine;
O, did ever voice so sweet but only fain?
Can true love yeeld such delay,
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedome
When we submit to women so;
Why doe wee neede them,
When, in their best, they worke our woe?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends by Fate prefixt.
O, why is the good of man with evill mixt?
Never were dayes yet call'd two,
But one night went betwixt.



F Love loves truth, then
women doe not love;
Their passions all are but
dissembled shewes;
Now kinde & free of fav-
our if they prove,
Their kindnes straight a
tempest over-

throwes.

Then as a Sea-man the poore Lover fares:
The storme drownes him ere hee can drowne his
cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive?
Blame then the Foxes for their subtile wile;
They first from Nature did their craft receive;
It is a woman's nature to beguile.
Yet some, I grant, in loving stedfast grow;
But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O, why had Nature power at once to frame
Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love?
O, would Deceit had dyed when Beauty came
With her divinenesse ev'ry heart to move!
Yet doe we rather wish, whate'er befall,
To have fayre women false then none at all.



OW winter nights enlarge
The number of their houres ;
And clouds their stormes discharge
Upon the airie towres.
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tun'd words amaze
With harmonie divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall waite on hunny Love;
While youthfull Revels, Masks, and Courtly
sights,
Sleepes leaden spels remove.

This time doth well dispence
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well:
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted Riddles tell,
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his joyes,
And Winter his delights;
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.



WAKE, thou spring of speaking
grace, mute rest becomes not
thee!

The fayrest women, while they
sleepe, and Pictures, equal be.

O come, and dwell in love's discourses!

Old renewing, new creating;

The words which thy rich tongue discourses

Are not of the common rating!

Thy voyce is as an Eccho cleare which Musicke
doth beget;

Thy speech is as an Oracle which none can
counterfeit;

For thou alone without offending

Hast obtain'd power of enchanting;

And I could heare thee without ending,

Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with humane
glory share,

But language is our proper grace from which they
sever'd are;

As brutes in reason man surpasses,

Men in speech excell each other;

If speech be then the best of graces,

Doe it not in slumber smother!



WHAT is it all that men possesse
among themselves convers-
ing!

Wealth or fame, or some such
boast scarce worthy the rehearsing.
Women onely are men's good, with them in Love
conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sicke their hand
attends us;
When with griefe our hearts are prest, their com-
fort best befriends us;
Sweet or sowre they willing goe to share what
fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with paine they beare, our
name & form presenting!
What we get, how wise they keepe! by sparing,
wants preventing;
Sorting all their household cares to our observ'd
contenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words
is expressed:
Good wife is the good I praise, if by good men
possessed;
Bad with bad in ill sutewell; but good with good
live blessed.



F thou longst so much to learne,
(sweet boy) what 'tis to love,
Doe but fixe thy thought on mee,
and thou shalt quickly prove.
Little sute at first, shall win

Way to thy abasht desire,
But then will I hedge thee in,
Salamander-like, with fire!

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond
dalliance beare;
Wee the grovy hills will climbe, and play the
wantons there;
Other whiles wee'll gather flowres,
Lying dallying on the grasse!
And thus our delightfull howres
Full of waking dreames shall passe!

When thy joyes were thus at height my love
should turne from thee;
Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as
strange might be,
Twenty rivals thou should'st finde
Breaking all their hearts for mee,
When to all I'll prove more kinde
And more forward then to thee.

Thus thy silly youth, enrag'd, would soone my
love defie;
But alas, poore soule, too late! clipt wings can
never flie.

Those sweet houres which wee had past,
Call'd to minde, thy heart would burne;
And, could'st thou flye ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight returne.



HALL I come, sweet Love, to thee,
When the ev'ning beames are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you finde no fained lett?
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long houres at your dore!

Who can tell what theefe or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will worke my woe,
Or through wicked foule despight?
So may I dye unredrest,
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers passe,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joyes in vaine.
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.



HRICE tosse these Oaken ashes
in the ayre,
Thrice sit thou mute in this in-
chanted chayre;
And thrice three times tye up this
true love's knot;
And murmur soft: Shee will, or shee will not.

Goe burne these poys'nous weedes in yon blew
fire,
These Screech-owle's fethers, and this prickling
bryer;
This Cypresse gathered at a dead man's grave;
That all thy feares and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fayries, dance with me a round!
Melt her hard hart with your melodious sound!
In vaine are all the charmes I can devise;
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.



IRE, fire, fire, fire,
Loe, here I burne in such desire
That all the teares that I can straine
Out of mine idle empty braine
Cannot allay my scorching paine.

Come Trent and Humber and fayre Thames!
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streames!
And if you can not quench my fire,
O drowne both mee and my desire!

Fire, fire, fire, fire!
There is no hell to my desire.
See, all the Rivers backward flye!
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,
For feare my heate should drinke them dry!
Come, heav'nly showres, then, pouring downe!
Come you that once the world did drowne!
Some then you spar'd, but now save all
That else must burne and with mee fall!



HUS I resolve, and time
hath taught me so:
Since she is fayre, and
ever kinde to me,
Though she be wilde and
wanton-like in shew,
Those little staines in
youth I will not see.

That she be constant Heav'n I oft implore;
If pray'rs prevaile not, I can doe no more.

Palmetree, the more you presse the more it growes;
Leave it alone it will not much exceede.
Free beauty if you strive to yoke you lose;
And for affection strange distaste you breede.
What Nature hath not taught no Arte can frame;
Wilde borne be wild still though by force made
tame.



OME, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight
The more enjoy'd the more
divine.

O come, and take from mee
The paine of being depriv'd of thee!

Thou all sweetnesse dost enclose,
Like a little world of blisse.
Beauty guards thy lookes; the Rose
In them pure and eternall is.
Come then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heav'nly light.



ILLY boy, 'tis full Moone yet, thy
night as day shines clearely;
Had thy youth but wit to feare thou
couldst not love so dearely;
Shortly wilt thou mourne when all
thy pleasures are bereaved;
Little knowes he how to love that never was de-
ceived.

This is thy first mayden flame that triumphes
yet unstayned;
All is artlesse now you speake, not one word yet
is fayned;
All is heav'n that you behold, and all your
thoughts are blessed;
But no Spring can want its Fall, each Troylus
has his Cresseid.

Thy well-order'd lockes ere long shall rudely
hang neglected;
And thy lively pleasant cheare reade grieve on
earth dejected;
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint that made
thy heart so holy;
And with sighes confesse, in love that too much
faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget a
wonder,
Not unlike a Summer's frost, or Winter's fatall
thunder.
Hee that holds his Sweet-hart true unto his day
of dying,
Lives of all that ever breath'd most worthy the
envying.



O quicke, so hot, so mad is
thy fond sute,
So rude, so tedious
growne, in urging mee,
That faine I would with
losse make thy tongue
mute,
And yeeld some little grace

to quiet thee;

An hour with thee I care not to converse,
For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofes too hot would prove for men all fire;
And hills too high for my unused pace;
The grove is charg'd with thornes and the bold
bryer;

Gray Snakes the meadowes shrowde in every
place;

A yellow Frog, alas! will fright me so
As I should start and tremble as I goe.

Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde,
In heaven I am resolv'd with you to meete;
Till then, for Hope's sweet sake, rest your tir'd
minde,

And not so much as see mee in the streete;
A heavenly meeting one day wee shall have,
But never, as you dreame, in bed or grave.



HALL I then hope when faith
is fled?

Can I seeke love when hope is
gone?

Or can I live when love is dead?

Poorely hee lives that can love none.

Her vowes are broke and I am free;

She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine owne events,

When I weigh others' like annoy,

All doe but heape up discontents

That on a beauty build their joy.

Thus I of all complaine, since shee

All faith hath lost in losing mee.

So my deare freedome have I gain'd

Through her unkindnesse and disgrace;

Yet could I ever live enchain'd,

As shee my service did embrace.

But shee is chang'd, and I am free;

Faith failing her, love dyed in mee.



AILE, love, mine eyes! O hide
from me
The plagues that charge the curious
minde!

If beauty private will not be
Suffice it yet that she proves kinde.
Who can usurp heav'n's light alone?
Stars were not made to shine on one!

Griefes past recure fooles try to heale,
That greater harmes on lesse inflict,
The pure offend by too much zeale,
Affection should not be too strict.
Hee that a true embrace will finde
To beauty's faults must still be blinde.



O sweet is thy discourse
to me,
And so delightfull is thy
sight,
As I taste nothing right
but thee.
O why invented Nature
light?

Was it alone for beauty's sake,
That her gract words might better take?

No more can I old joyes recall;
They now to me become unknowne,
Not seeming to have beene at all.
Alas! how soone is this love growne
To such a spreading height in me
As with it all must shadowed be



HERE is a Garden in
her face
Where Roses and white
Lillies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is
that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits
doe flow.
There Cherries grow,

which none may buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Those Cherries fayrely do enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter showes
They looke like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
Her browes like bended bowes doe stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.



O his sweet lute Apollo sung the
motions of the Spheares;
The wondrous order of the stars
whose course divides the
yeares;

And all the mysteries above;
But none of this could Midas move,
Which purchast him his ass's eares.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country-
wealth t'advance,
To boast of cattle, flockes of sheepe, and Goates
on hills that dance;
With much more of this churlish kinde,
That quite transported Midas' minde,
And held him rapt as in a trance.

This wrong the God of musicke scorn'd from
such a sottish judge,
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the
piper trudge;
Then Midas' head he so did trim
That ev'ry age yet talkes of him
And Phœbus' right revenged grudge.



YOUNG and simple though I am,
I have heard of Cupid's name;
Guesse I can what thing it is
Men desire when they doe kisse.
Smoake can never burne, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foule or fayre
To be proud nor to despayre;
Guesse I can what thing it is
Men desire when they doe kisse.
Smoake can never burne, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish minde!
Yet, methinkes, a heate I finde,
Like thirst longing, that doth bide
Ever on my weaker side,
Where they say my heart doth move.
Venus, grant it be not love!

It it be, alas, what then?
Were not women made for men?
As good 'twere a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blowne
Growe lesse sweet; then fall alone.

Yet nor churle, nor silken Gull,
Shall my Mayden blossome pull;
Who shall not I soone can tell;
Who shall, would I could as well!
This I know: whoe'er hee be,
Love hee must or flatter me.



LOVE me or not, love her I must
or dye;
Leave me or not, follow her needs
must I.

O that her grace would my wisht
comforts give!

How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to mee;
Envy should cease, her would I love alone;
Who loves by lookes is seldome true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawfull were,
Her would I charme, softly that none should
heare.

But love enforc'd rarely yeelds firme content;
So would I love that neyther should repent.



LOVE, where are thy shafts,
thy quiver and thy bow?
Shall my wounds onely
weepe, and he unged
goe?
Be just, and strike him too
that dares contemne
thee so!

No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose
thee blinde;
So fayre they leuell when the marke they list to
finde;
Then strike, O strike the heart that beares the
cruell minde!

Is my fonde sight deceived? or doe I Cupids pye,
Close ayming at his breast by whom, despis'd, I
dye?
Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him that he
may not flye!

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,
And heale each other's wound which Love hath
justly made;
O hope, O thought too vaine! how quickly dost
thou fade!

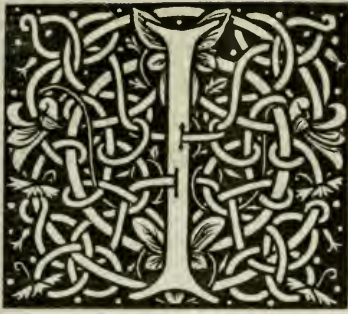
At large he wanders still, his heart is free from
paine;
While secret sighes I spend, and teares, but all in
vaine.
Yet, Love, thou know'st, by right, I should not
thus complaine.



BEAUTY is but a painted hell;
Aye me! aye me!
Shee wounds them that admire it,
She kills them that desire it.
Give her pride but fuell,
No fire is more cruell.

Pittie from ev'ry heart is fled;
Aye me! aye me!
Since false desire could borrow
Teares of dissembled sorrow,
Constant vowes turne truthlesse,
Love cruell, Beauty ruthlesse.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing;
Aye me! aye me!
My raving griefes discover
I liv'd too true a lover.
The first step to madnesse
Is the excesse of sadnesse.



MUST complain, yet
doe enjoy my Love;
She is too fair, too rich in
lovely parts;
Thence is my grief; for
Nature, while she
strove
With all her graces and
divinest Arts

To form her too too beautifull of hue,
Shee had no leasure left to make her true.

Should I, agriev'd, then wish she were lesse fayre?
That were repugnant to mine owne desires.
Shee is admir'd, new lovers still repayre;
That kindles daily love's forgetfull fires.
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last:
Shee hath more beauty then becomes the chast.



ER fayre inflaming eyes,
Chiefe authors of my cares,
I prai'd in humblest wise
With grace to view my teares;
They beheld me broad awake,
But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fayre delight,
I fayrely did beseech
To pittie my sad plight;
But a voyce from them brake forth
As a whirle-winde from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pittie call;
But, alas, they put mee off
With a touch worse then a scoffe.

So backe I straight return'd
And at her breast I knock'd;
Where long in vaine I mourn'd,
Her heart so fast was lock'd;
Not a word could passage finde,
For a Rocke inclos'd her minde.

Then downe my pray'rs made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her flye or stay,
As they affect deserts;
But her angry feete, thus mov'd,
Fled with all the parts I lov'd.

liv

Yet fled they not so fast
As her enraged minde;
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behinde;
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend.



URNE all thy thoughts
to eyes,
Turne all thy haire to
eares,
Change all thy friends to
spies,
And all thy joyes to feares;
True Love will yet be free,

In spite of Jealousie.

Turne darknesse into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Beleeve what th' envious say,
Let age interpret youth;
True Love will yet be free,
In spite of Jealousie.

Wrest every word and looke,
Racke ev'ry hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hooke,
True Love cannot be caught;
For that will still be free
In spite of Jealousie.



OUR faire lookes urge my desire;
Calme it, sweet, with love.
Stay; O why will you retire?
Can you churlish prove?
If Love may perswade,
Love's pleasures, deare, deny not;
Here is a grove secur'd with shade;
O then be wise, and flye not.

Harke, the Birds delighted sing,
Yet our pleasure sleepes;
Wealth to none can profit bring
Which the miser keepes.
O come while we may,
Let's chayne Love with embraces;
We have not all times time to stay,
Nor safety in all places.

What ill finde you now in this,
Or who can complaine?
There is nothing done amisse
That breedes no man payne.
'Tis now flowry May;
But ev'n in cold December,
When all these leaves are blowne away,
This place shall I remember.



AINE would I wed a faire young
man that day and night could
please mee,

When my mind or body grieved
that had the powre to ease mee.

Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a
bloodlesse sicknesse,

And that, oft I heare men saye, is onely cur'd by
quickness.

Oft I have beene woo'd & prai'd, but never could
be moved;

Many for a day or so I have most dearely loved,
But this foolish mind of mine straight loaths the
thing resolved;

If to love be sinne, in mee that sinne is soone ab-
solved.

Sure I thinke I shall at last flye to some holy Order;
When I once am setled there then can I flye no
farther.

Yet I would not dye a maid, because I had a
mother;

As I was by one brought forth I would bring
forth another.

A HYMNE IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.



F Neptune's empire let us
sing,
At whose command the
waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute
pay,
Down the high mountaines
sliding;

To whom the scaly Nation yeelds
Homage for the Christall fields
Wherein they dwell;
And every Sea-God paies a Jem
Yeerely out of his watry Cell,
To deck great Neptune's Diadem.

The Tritons, dancing in a ring
Before his Pallace gates, do make
The water with their ecchoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding;
The Sea-nimphs chant their accents shrill;
And the Syrens, taught to kill
With their sweet voyce,
Make every ecchoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noyse
The praise of Neptune's Empery.



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